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THE EXCLUSIVE WAIST SHOP OF BRIDG EPORT.

The late king of Siam had for a full name Phra Bat Somdeth Phra Paraminor Maha Chulalongkorn Phra Chula Chum Klo Chow Yu Hua, and this for food. The digestive juices are a does not include his titles. A wag in | tered or entirely absent. One or tw Bombay saw it in the paper when the ruler was visiting that city and was sist in averting a severe siege of cold being received by the British officials A more convenient and enjoyable form and passed it over to a young Irish subaltern with the challenge that he pronounce it. The young fellow looked at it a moment and then handed it back. He said he was not long enough winded, but he was sure he could play it on the garrison club plane if the instrument were a couple of octaves The king's uncle, however. who was also a prince high priest, had for one name alone the following collection of letters: Pawaratsawarlya longkaun. Any one who can get through this and not flat one of the notes has lived a long time where he can look out of the window and ser the gilded peak of a temple shimmer ing in the equatorial sun.-Christian der he had just received from Henry

Nature, as a rule, takes the appetite away when one is coming down with a cold or other infectious disease, and

nature is wise. Don't coax Mary to

calf's foot jelly or other daintie When suffering from a cold the dige: tive organs are in no condition to car days' comparative fast will often as of fasting would be to subsist for on or two days upon fruit or fruit juice perhaps, with the addition of a little toast. An exclusive fruit diet has all the practical advantages of complete

Giving Him Carte Blanche. Savage, the theatrical producer, for the libretto of a musical comedy. The play was produced a few months later. During the long period of rehearsals so much of Bangs' material was eliminated and so much other manot more unit a dozen of the original lines remained.

About a week later a friend, meeting Bangs, asked him if he was writing any more plays for Savage.

"Yes," replied Bangs. "Only an hour ago I sent him 500 blank sheets of paper and told him to go as far as he liked."-Irvin Cobb in New York Tribune.

Anthony Trollope's First Earnings. A literary man recalls Anthony Trolope's little gloat over the first fruits of his pen. "I send you a copy of 'The Warden," he wrote to Lord Houghton in 1866, "which Mr. Longman assures me is the last of the first edition There were, I think, only 750 printed and they have been over ten years in hand. But I regard the book with affection, as I made £9 2s. 6d. by the first year's sales, having previously writ ten and published for ten years without any such golden result. Since then have improved even upon that." Trollope, of course, "improved upon that" in no uncertain fashion.-West

. The following entry appears in the "visitors' book" of a hotel in Germaterial inserted in its stead that when | ny: "The living here is good, plain and eat when she has a cold. Don't allow | the curtain went up on the first night | substantial. So is the waitress."

fasting, while it satisfies the appetite and supplies sugar from which the liver can manufacture glycogen to sustain the white blood corpuscles in their continuous warfare against microbes.-William S. Sadler in Designer. A few years ago John Kendrick Bangs, the humorist, told a number of his Broadway literary confreres that he felt particularly elated over an or-

minster Gazette. All Alike.

The Last Day THE FINISH

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A lot of Men's Spring 75c to \$1.00 kind 45c 1/2 their regular value.

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OUT OF THE NIGHT

Mrs. Baillie Reynolds

Author of Broken Off," "The Supreme Test," "A Phantom Wife," Etc.

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(Continued from Page 11.) as looking ill."

"She did not look well, certainly; and I thought her depressed, too, as is only natural if one suffers from insomnia-nothing was wearing to health and spirits. She did not stay

"No; she went straight on to Yeominster and back, and bought this stuff. The police are gone already to find out what she bought, and the chauffeur with them, to point out the shop."

"There is no suggestion-no suspicion-of suicide, is there?" asked Mrs. Bardsley anxiously.

"Oh, none at all. It was to all apcarance quite unpremeditated. She left everything just as she expected to put it on next day, she had her usual book beside her bed, and her reading-lamp. She had ordered the car to drive her here today, and spoke to her chauffeur of having He was sure that she would not have been unpunctual once or twice, saying she did not wish to arrive late today. Had she meant to kill herself, she would have left some sort she, as he firmly believed, knew his of note of farewell, one supposes, for secret-knew the feeling for Vernon her husband, or have burned her which was consuming him. When correspondence, or something of that he had avowed his intention of gokind. But so far as one knows, there ing away, she had not seemed surwas no reason at all why she should prised. She had wept, had shown a kill herself. It seems a clear case of depth of sympathy which had greatdeath by misadventure."

The terrible news was the one sub- she knew, she guessed, his reason ject of discussion. The whole neigh- for departure, and could not but own borhood buzzed with it. Every one bestowed upon Laura, dead, the sympathy which they had so coldly withheid from her living. Since she could non of his feelings—that the girl never trouble them again, they could also knew why he could not remain afford to think of her kindly. The longer in the same house with her. sult of the news in the letter. What deepest pity was expressed for her There was nothing to be said-noth- could it have been? voted to her. He was said to be "carrying on like a madman." .

would as soon buy a horse of him her as he could. as of any man I know," remarked Lord Bunbury to Jem, as they strolllife of it. But you mark my words: tensity. this loss'll break him down. He's an older man than you think, for all the Flower Show, they were told not go away. he's such a strong one; and he won't

Jem thought it very likely. He was quite stupified by the news. To his idea, there was little doubt that Laura's death had been intentional. It was easy to see that she would months ago, when he was in her con- ing by. fidence, he had gained an insight into the state of affairs at Barrow End; it unlikely.

labyrinths of gloomy reminiscence and disturbing thought; and he came write further in two or three days a man who had never loved her?back to the present with a start, up- from London. Oh well, he has gone, not only that, but had openly showon hearing that his lordship was and that's a relief!" She let a long ed his dislike, his disapproval? If making some kind of proposition to sigh exhale. "I can't forget about this were so, then there was no way

him the agency of his Scottish prop- or. I am glad there are only just quite a long time, unsuspected. She erty at Dunglen. It was a good ap- -ourselves." She lifted her head had listened for his foostep, her pointment, and his lordship remark- and smiled, the tenderest, shyest of heart had quickened at his approach; ed that, as they lived there themselves for a great part of the year, it would be pleasant to have an he caught it full, and had a sensa- the castle wall. agent of their own class, who could tion of sudden glory. Mrs. Bardbe an intimate friend of the family. sley, who had found two notes await-He went on to say that he had heard ing her, took these in her hand and everything in the world but this selfit pretty broadly hinted in the neigh- went into the drawing-room. Ver- revelation, she sat absorbing it, livborhood that Jem's anxiety to leave non, seeing that they were unheard, ing over again every word that Jem Carronlea was caused by a little hastily crossed the space between and she had exchanged during the complication at Wishfield, for which them, and stood looking wistfully in- past month, every inflection of his he was responsible. He did not want to his face, wherein, as it seemed to voice, each expression of his face; to be thought lax, but it seemed to her, a door had rolled back, making confronting the dreadful certainty of him people were too strait-laced in intercourse possible between them. these matters. He heard that Jem had made proper provision, and as hurriedly, "that I believe I do know at last broke up her reverie. She thing to leave the neighborhood.

ed upon the poor old lord, and ad- you that. Don't be angry." dressed him with a tone and manner which struck terror into his heart, stairs and disappeared, He first of all insisted upon his

months. He defied anybody to bring was ecstasy? one single shred of evidence against "Now, if only I can put my finger as her curly head touched the piluntruth. The old lord was first have tried." frightened, then apologetic, then al-

Wishfield whenever he could. Father Conroy was his very good friend, and ne helped to run the men's club, and in other ways worked for the Mission. This was so startlingly new a view of Jem's character that his lordship's demoralization was complete. He subsided into a frame of mind almost to be described as abject; and, with profuse apologies slipped away, only adding that his offer respecting the Scotch agency would remain open until he heard from Mr. Bardsley on the subject.

and Vernon were not only closed, but

think, since the slander against him was current, and since she had had so much to do with the personages concerned, that she must have heard

in dispelling her false ideas respecting his feeling for Mrs. Trent, ne had knocked down the barrier between them. But here was one far deadlier and more sinister-one which he could not push, nor shake, nor so much as touch upon, with her. For a moment, so sore was his need that he had thoughts of going to his aunt and appealing to her. heard anything of the kind herself, or that, having heard, she would give no credit to such a tale. For ly surprised him. She had said that

He thought it hard that Gladwyn should have turned up before he was clear. Putting behind her all ed together through the exhibits. could escape. His curiosity to know her own desires, she must marry "He made a fool of himself over this what had passed between Vernon and him, devote her life to trying to keep woman, and I fancy she led him a her suitor was consuming in its in- her marriage vows. She owed this LIGHT MAZDA

that Mr. Gladwyn had come in about things, and gone back to London. leaving a note for Miss Wilmot.

news of such a shattering nature as opinion.

Jem was almost suffocated with after the picnic. But I understand the gong. surprise and rage. He stopped, turn- better now. I only wanted to tell With which, she whisked up the wish he would be more punctual."

CHAPTER XXVIII. Past All Dishonor.

"Make no deep scrutiny Into her mutiny Rash and undutiful: Past all dishonour Death has left on her Only the beautiful.'

Thomas Hood The gates of silence between Jem

Upon reflection, he could not but it. He, poor fool, had thought that,

that it was natural. That being so, he went on to suppose that she might have told Vering to be done. It was one of the

Vernon, who was in a silent, brooding mood, opened the note in the wish to conceal the fact. But, some hall, both her aunt and Jem stand- heart, unknown to her until this mo-

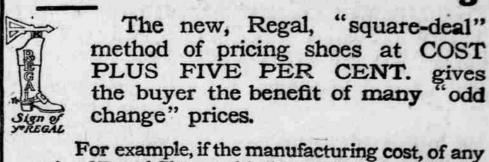
speaking out plainly-upon his say- sible of a curious glow from head to Wishfield, and should have some ing exactly what he meant, and fur- foot, the result of her bold attempt supper with Mr. Conroy, and not be nishing the name of his informant, to propitiate Jem. It had cost her back until late." And, when he had heard the accusa- a real effort. Oh, surely he would Respite for Vernon! Respite! tion, and learned that this thing was feel that it had needed courage, and clear evening in which she could sit currently reported of him by those be kind to her in response! Might and contemplate the contents of her whom he had called friends, his in- it not be the beginning of better re- own heart, and reiterate her duty to

She stood motionless in the cen-He said that this was the very first tre of the floor, her lips apart, her matter as yet. So far, it was but her time he had heard of such a story. mind holding the picture of just idea. That actual news received by There was not a word of truth in Jem's eyes as she had met them but Lionel was a matter of mere guessit, and he would track it to its source now: what was it? Why were they work. Until she heard again from and not leave the neighborhood until so haunting? Why was she filled him she could do nothing. he had done so, if it took him six with a kind of exhaustion which yet

him. He would thank his lordship on the last link, and truly under- low! Thought of these three people to contradict it wherever he heard stand him! . . . Father Conroy said -Lionel, Jem and Laura Trentit; that is, if he would accept Jem's he had been misunderstood. Well, danced before her brain. own solemn affirmation of its entire at least I can honestly say that I

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course! his sudden illness was the re- FRANK A. ROBBINS JR. SHOWS

dumb tragedies of life. His only guish that grasped her heart and course, as long as their enforced twisted it told her that she knew. As companionship should last, was to if somebody had brought her the Two Performances Daily. Rain of see as little of her, say as little to news, she knew that he had heard of his wife's death.

to Jem and to Aunt Emma. If she When they reached home, after were married to Lionel, Jem would

God was demanding this sacrifice three o'clock, that he had looked and at her hands. She had been too seemed ill, that he had packed his happy. Life was too much as she wished it. She was called upon to surrender-what?

What hope was it, what desire, which lay right at the bottom of her ment? What was the meaning of "What a queer way to behave," this solicitude of hers for Jem's apwas her comment, as she broke the proval, Jem's friendship? Did anyand, though one could not have anti- seal. It was very brief. "H'm," she thing, in fact, matter to her, in comcipated this end, one could not feel remarked. "He says he has had parison of this one point-of Jem's

His mind was plunged in dark to make it impossible for him to tell Horror crept over her. Was it me what it is at present. He will possible that she was growing to love Mrs. Trent," she said, "and it makes out but to marry Lionel, and hide When he grasped the nature of it, me feel wretched, and rather self- from everybody the segret of her he was so surprised that he had no reproachful. I don't feel at all equal cwn humiliation. Yes, she saw it word to say. Lord Bun was offering to the effort of entertaining a visit- all. And it had been going on for smiles, right into Jem's eyes. He she had shrieked for him when she was looking so intensely at her that hung between life and death upon

And she had not known it. Forgetting her toilette, forgetting her unrequited love.

"I want to say," she murmured The maid entering with hot water far as he was concerned, there was just how you feel about-about that was admonished, unhooked, brushan end. But it seemed a sensible poor Mrs. Trent. I-I was so sorry ed, arrayed, and sent down only a for blundering so the other night, minute or two after the sounding of

> "Where's Jem?" asked Mrs. Bardsley, as she took her seat. "I do "Mr. Bardsley asked me to say Arrived in her room, she was sen- ma'am, that he had gone over to

But she could not move in the

Again she passed a sleepless night -she, whose clear eyes usually closed

(To Be Continued.)

Feley Kidney Pills take hold of your most tearful. He humbly urged that ter. It was most unlike his usual of your dragging backache, dull headhe had been told that, for a few months, Jem was constantly at Wish-field. Jem replied that this was true, and remained so. He went to ed a letter that morning. Whv—of true, and remained so. He went to ed a letter that morning. Whv—of true that the had received a letter that morning. Whv—of true that the had received a letter that morning. Whv—of true that the had received that the had received the had received

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The Handkerchief Came From Italy. A writer in a French review points out that the handkerchief does not come to us from China, as has been generally believed, but from Italy. It is only 300 years ago that the handkerchief of a Venetian lady was considered a great curiosity. The bandkerchief crossed the Alps and was received with great favor at the court of France. Handkerchiefs were then made of cambric or lawn and bordered with Venetian or Alencon lace. Under Henry III. of France the sachet was introduced. The handkerchief was taken into Germany a little later and was known as the "fazelletin," after its Italian name. Only persons of quality used it, and an edict in 1595 was published at Dresden interdicting the use of the handkerchief among the

"My, this must have been exciting?" says Mrs. Bilmers, who is reading the paper. "A twenty foot boa constrictor escaped from the zoo yesterday and was captured after it had climbed halfway up a telegraph pole." "And I swore off when I saw it as I went downtown!" growled Mr. Bil-

mers disgustedly. "What are you muttering?" she "Nothing. I just said it must have

been a ticklish job."-Chicago Post. As Good as Lost.

"You're sure you can spare this fiver, are you, Shadbolt?" "Dinguss, if I had not been perfect ly sure that I can get along withou it I never would have lent it to you. -Chicago Tribune.